

Del Amitri, The First Rule Of Love

You'll get hooked, you'll get drugged
She'll be your essence she'll be your blood
And you'll want her so much but you'll never get enough
And that's the first rule of love
She'll smell so sweetly in the morning
She'll make you feel so good inside
And you'll want her so much you'll give everything else up
And that's the first rule of love
You'll grow comfortable together
You'll start to fit like hand and glove
And then you'll start to hate the men she used to dream of
And that's the first rule of love
You'll miss her madly, when you're apart
Love is like gravity holding down your heart
You'll grow envious and bitter
She'll be enquiring and concerned
And you'll feel so close to her but never close enough
To get past the first rule of love
And with the awkwardness of strangers
You will finally give up
No exceptions to the first rule of love